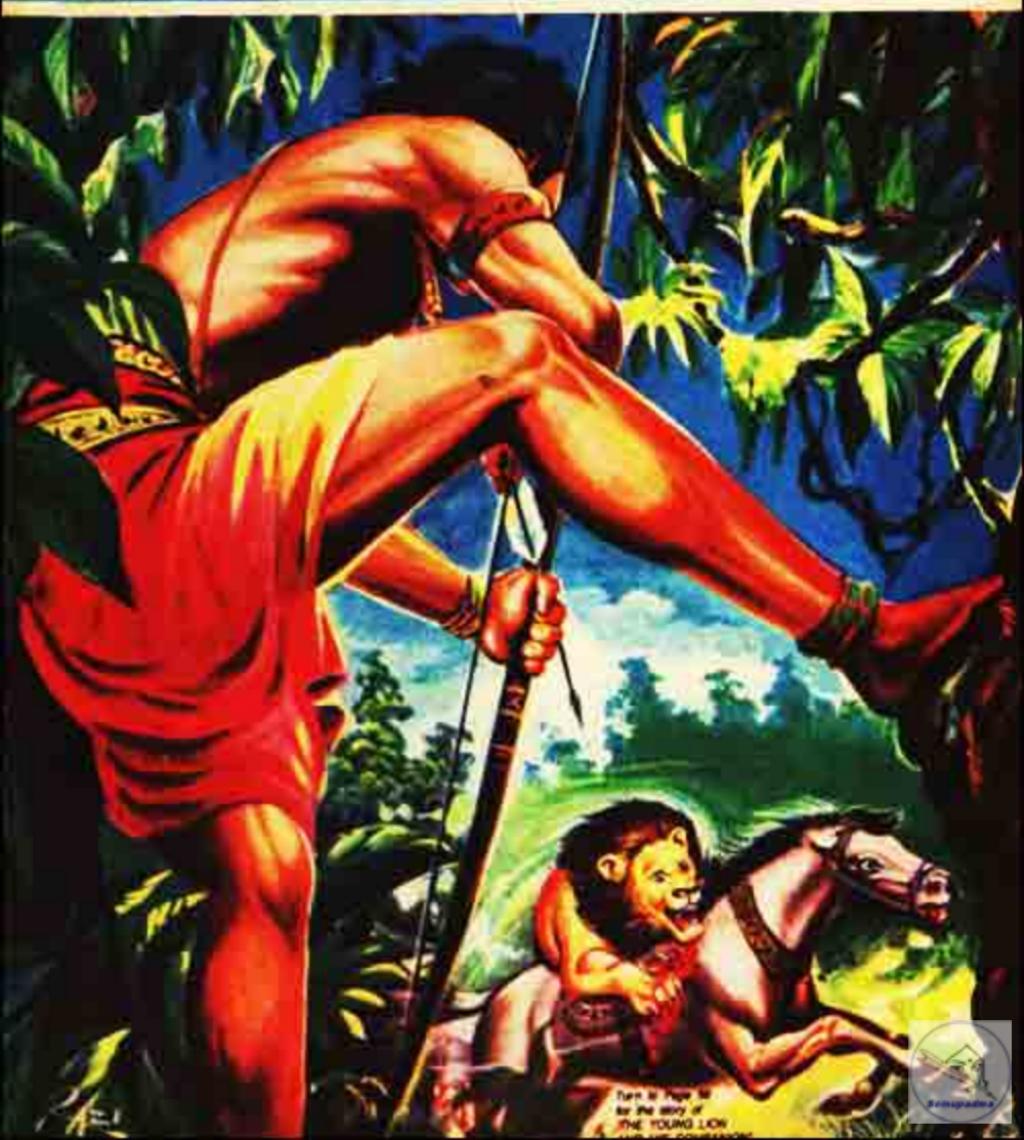


CHANDAMAMA

JUNE 1982

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Turn to Page 16
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THE YOUNG LION
AND HIS COMpanION



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* HMV Stereo 1515

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* HMV Stereo 1010

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RULES

1. The contest is open to school children only (up to Class XII). This will be verified for all award winners. Contestants should be residents of the Indian Union. 2. You may send in as many entries as you wish but each entry must be accompanied by 1 inner aluminium foil from a 40gm Cherry Blossom tin or 2 foils from 15gm tins of Cherry Blossom. 3. Entries should be addressed to the Advertiser, Cherry Blossom Whiz Quiz, P.O. Box No. 9192, Park Street, Calcutta 700 016. Registered mail will not be accepted. 4. Last date of receipt of entries is 15-6-1982. Illegible, incomplete and late entries will be disqualified. 5. The decision of the judges will be final and binding. No correspondence will be entertained. In the event of a tie, the value of the prizes will be equally divided among the winners. 6. Children of the employees of Reckitt & Colman of India Ltd. and Lintas India are not eligible to join the contest.

ENTRY FORM

Please complete the following sentence in not more than 10 words (English or Hindi)

I Cherry Blossom my shoes every day because
It अपने पूरे दिन अपनी सूखी शूज़ में ब्लॉसॉम का लिंग्वर लगाता हूँ

Name: _____

Address: _____

Entries should reach us at the following address on or before 15-6-82. The Advertiser: Cherry Blossom Whiz Quiz, P.O. Box No: 9192, Park Street, Calcutta - 700 016



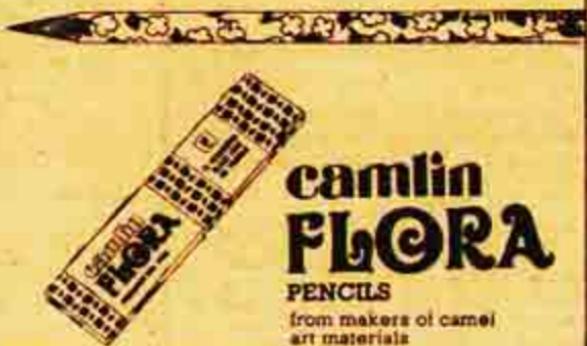
Did you Cherry Blossom your shoes today?



We love flowers. Small
pink flowers with tiny green
leaves. Cute ar'nt they!

No wonder we love Flora
pencils.
Our mummy you know,
got a box of Flora pencils
for my birthday.

Everybody liked the pencils.
By evening all but one
were missing!
I don't mind it though
After all they are my friends!
Flora pencils are too cute
to resist.



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I wish I had a boat
To sail across the sea
I'd bring it back with Gems
Some for you and some for me!



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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 12

JUNE 1982

No. 12

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

LEGEND AND HISTORY

In giving you the pictorial *Story of India* we are covering a period about which something is known from factual records and something from legends. Although legends are likely to be coloured with imagination, often they are true at their basis.

In presenting the story of Alauddin Khalji's ascention to the Sultanate of Delhi (in this issue), we have depended on *Muntakhabu-T-Tawarikh*, written by Abdul Kadir Al-Badaoni, a court historian of Akbar. The book is a great source of our knowledge about the Indian Middle Ages.

IN THIS ISSUE -

ELEVEN COMPLETE STORIES

And the Invincible Raghu, Story of India, Chandamama Dictionary, Car Festival of Sri Jagannath, the Devi Bhagavatam, News Flash and more.

Printed by B.V. REDDI at Press Process Private Ltd., and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI for CHANDAMAMA CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND (Prop. of Chandamama Publications, 188, Anant Road, Madras-600 028 (India).

The stories, articles and columns expressed herein are written by various members of the Publication and



NEWS FLASH

A Prodigy Again!

You know that Mozart and Beethoven, the great musicians, showed their extraordinary talents before crossing ten!

We have a prodigy in Dimitris Sgouros of Greece. "Genius like his comes along once in a century," said a famous conductor when the 12-year-old boy played in Carnegie Hall to an American audience.

Commenting on his playing a very difficult concerto, the *Newsweek* says, "He played not only all the notes with breathtaking facility—the murderous double octaves and avalanche runs—but with all the wildly shifting moods, with the dramatic instinct of a mature artist.



Cure with Flowers

Hail to the Mother Nature! A report from New Delhi says that flowers are wonderful cures for several diseases, from headache to heart attack. So far scientists at Baku have been sure about 15 species of flowers whose odours can cure diseases. Among them are lavender, laurel, rosemary, herenium and cotton flower.





IT'S NOT FOR HARMING THE WEAK. BHAIKAV IS STILL REPENTING FOR IMPARTING THE SKILL TO NIDHI. HE'S LEFT LATHI OUT OF SHAME



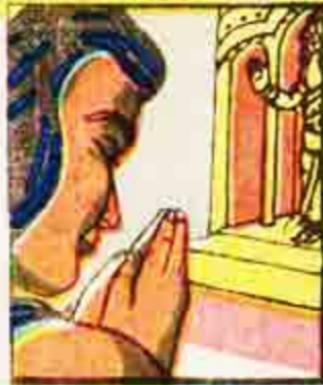
HARI GOSWAMI'S WORDS GIVE RAGHU NEW INSPIRATION. GOSWAMI SPOKE OUT WHAT WAS IN HIS OWN MIND. THE TRAINING BEGINS





YOU MUST DO EXERCISE

AND PRAY DAILY



AND NO ADDICTION TO ANYTHING! IT'S TOUGH, THIS DISCIPLINE!
YOUR BODY, AS FIRM AS STEEL, SHOULD ALSO BE AS LIGHT AS A BIRD TO SOAR THROUGH
THE AIR.





HITTING THE OPPONENT IS NOT ALL, YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO TAKE BLOWS
SPEED, MORE SPEED ... SWING WITH SUCH FORCE THAT YOUR STICK SINGS TO YOU ...

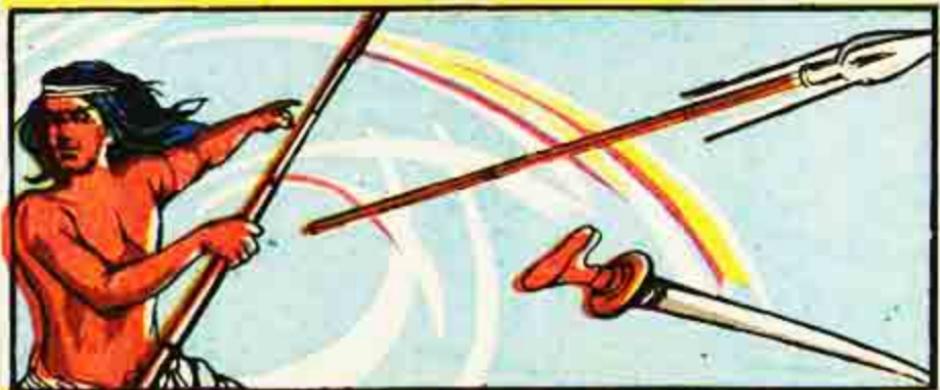


YOU SHOULD SEE EVERYTHING, BUT NO-ONE SHOULD SEE YOU... YOUR EYES SHOULD BE AS
QUICK AS LIGHTNING. YOUR SUCCESS DEPENDS ON YOUR EYES





FOR YOU LATHI IS ALL IN ONE—A SWORD, A SPEAR, EVEN A GUN! IF NEED BE. HUNDREDS HAVE TO BE FOUGHT SINGLEHANDED AND NO FEAR. WRATH OR ARROGANCE IN YOU!



THEY ARE YOUR REAL ENEMIES!





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RAGHU IS MOST POPULAR AND NO ONE IN THE ASHRAM WANTS HIM TO LEAVE





RAGHU TELLS HIS STORY... THE COUNTRY LIES PROSTRATE UNDER INJUSTICE AND EXPLOITATION. MISERY AND SUFFERING OF THE POOR HAVE NO LIMIT. THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST!



GURUDEV HUGS RAGHU WHEN HE HEARS HIM



TO CONTINUE



I WONDER WHAT
MRS. MITTER MEANT BY
CALLING US AUTOPHAGOUS
CREATURES!

**CHANDAMAMA
DICTIONARY OF
SELECT WORDS
AND PHRASES**

AUTOPHAGOUS (Adj)
Self-devouring. one that can relish eating a part of its own body. Also, like a bird that begins feeding itself from the moment of hatching.

AVALANCHE (N): Snow, often with rocks, hurtling down with speed from the hills.

I DREAMT
LAST NIGHT
OF A
MOUNTAIN
OF
HIPPOS.

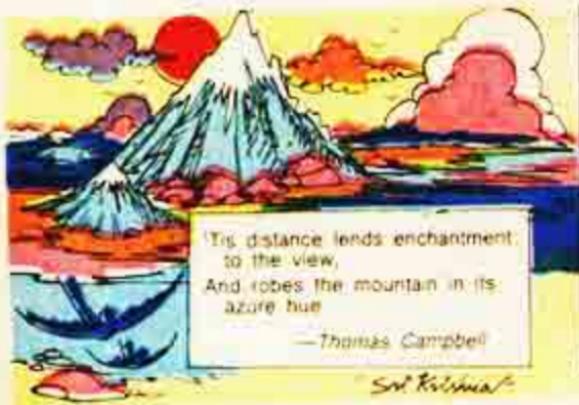
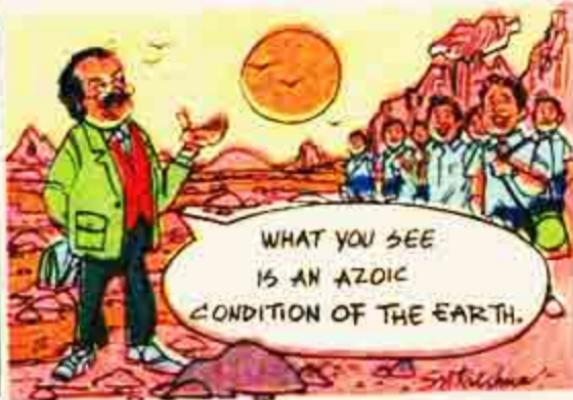


AVANT-GARDE (N and Adj): Creator of new forms of art or champion of new ideas in any of the arts or architecture. (Pronounced Ava-gard)



AWHAPED (V): To confound, amaze.

AZOIC (Adj): Relating to time or condition before life began on earth.



AZURE (Adj): Sky blue, delicate blue.



TWO LOAVES

There was a young king who decided to put an end to the practice of begging in his country.

Accordingly beggars were led to shelters provided by the king. They were given work. Those unable to work were provided with free food.

But from time to time some beggars would slip from the shelters and beg from the citizens. To stop this, the young king decreed that anyone who gave alms would lose a hand.

Nobody gave alms thereafter.

One day the king's sister was returning from her uncle's house, in the company of her maids. On the roadside there was a park. They took rest in the cool shades of the tree in the park. The maids received two loaves each to eat.

One of the maids was having a stroll in the park when she saw an old man lying under a tree, too weak to make any movement.



"What has happened to you?" asked the maid.

"My daughter, I'm a traveller who lost everything to thieves. Fever made me flat here. Now I am cured of fever, but am dying of sheer hunger," the man said in a feeble voice.

The maid was going to hand over her two loaves to the man when she heard an angry voice from behind, asking her to stop.

She looked back and saw the king's sister observing her.

"How dare you give alms? Don't you know what the king's order is?" asked the princess.

"I know, Your Highness. The good king wants to rid the kingdom of beggars many of whom

are idlers and some of whom are thieves. This man is no beggar but a traveller nearly dying of hunger!" she said and gave away her loaves to the man.

The king's sister was furious. "How dare you defy the king's order, that too despite my protest?" she asked in a shrill voice again and again. As soon as she reached the palace, she walked up to her brother and complained against the maid.

"She must lose her hand!" said the king. The horrified and helpless maid was handed over to the guards. They led her away into the garden and cut off one of her hands.

It was only when the maid



was being led away that the king had a glimpse of her face. She was extremely beautiful and serene. The king could not withdraw his order for fear of being laughed at by others. But the face haunted him throughout the night. He could not sleep and never stopped repenting.

In the morning he enquired about the maid from his trusted servants and learnt that she was as noble as she was beautiful. The young king took a bold step. He married her.

This was a blow to his sister's vanity, who was awfully jealous of that beautiful lady.

Although the lady now became the queen, she showed no

resentment against the King's sister. Days passed and she gave birth to a son. That made the king's sister burn in her heart with fiercer jealousy.

It so happened that the king had to be away from his city for a few months. His sister, in conspiracy with some of her naughty maids, spread a rumour that the queen was a witch. How could she charm the king otherwise, even though she was disfigured—having lost a hand?

Some of the maids even declared that they had seen her practising witchcraft.

The old queen-mother, who had a mortal fear for witches and who also did not like a



one-armed daughter-in-law, ordered that she be exiled. Palace-guards led the queen and her son far into the desert and abandoned her.

It was evening and she was thirsty. Roaming about, she saw a river. She knelt down on the bank and stooped to put her mouth in the flow, because she had only one hand and she held the child with it.

The child suddenly stirred in her arm and fell into the flow. The queen searched for him in the water, but could not find him.

She sat on the bank and wept bitterly.

The moon rose. She came to senses when a loving voice asked her, "Will you like to

have your son back?"

"Yes!" she said. She found a faint figure smilingly handing out her child to her.

"Will you like to get back your lost hand?" asked another loving voice.

"Yes" she said as she found another faint figure before her. Next moment she found her lost hand restored to her.

"Don't go away. The king is returning home this way. How happy he will be to find you!" said both the figures.

"Who are you two that did me two such good turns?" asked the amazed queen.

"We are the two loaves you had sacrificed for a dying traveller!" said the figures and they dissolved in the moonlight.





MANY A SURPRISE

Shyam Gupta was a generous and kind-hearted man. Nobody ever saw him growing angry or speaking harshly.

He had a son named Saroj. Once Saroj fell ill. Shyam Gupta took him to the town for treatment. While crossing the river Ganga, he said with folded hands, "O Mother Ganga, if my son is cured soon, I will offer you five thousand rupees."

The son was cured much sooner than expected. Shyam Gupta was happy. He collected five thousand rupees and waited for an auspicious day to go to the river and immerse the money in it.

But, on the auspicious day, he was surprised to see the money

missing. He sat gloomy.

Something equally surprising happened in the evening. A messenger brought him a letter. It was from a man of a distant village who was unknown to him. It read: "Sir, I have no words to express my gratefulness to you. My daughter's marriage is to be celebrated on Sunday. Be pleased to grace the occasion by your presence."

Shyam Gupta being a man of few words did not give vent to his astonishment. However, he went to attend the marriage.

"Sir, had you not sent that amount that very day, I could not have performed this marriage," said the host in an emotionally choked voice as he en-

ertained Shyam Gupta to sweets and fruits. "And how kind it was of that lady of the ochre garb, Gangabai, to bring the money here!" the host added.

Next day Shyam Gupta was met by a farmer. "Sir, I am from Haripur. We have completed digging the well," he said.

"What well?" asked Shyam Gupta.

"How forgetful you are, sir! I am speaking of the well for which you sent two thousand rupees through that holy lady, Gangabai. I have been sent by the villagers to invite you to inaugurate the well," said the

man and he asked, "Where can I see Mother Gangabai?"

"No idea," said Shyam Gupta.

"She also told us that she never lives at one place for long. So, sir, can I tell our people that you have accepted our invitation?"

"Very well," said Shyam Gupta. He kept his surprise under check and went to Haripur on time and inaugurated the well.

On his way back home, a stranger bowed down to him. "Who are you?" asked Shyam Gupta.

"I am Ravi. It was I whom



you helped with the gold, sir!"

"Gold?"

"Yes, sir, I was almost dying. The physician wanted a pinch of gold dust for preparing a medicine for me. Mother Gangabai brought me a little gold from you. That saved me," reported the man under the impression that Shyam Gupta had momentarily forgotten all about it.

"I understand," said Shyam Gupta.

A month passed. It was time for Saroj to go away to a town for his higher studies. On the eve of his departure, he stood before Shyam Gupta. Feeling fidgety for a while, at last he

said, "Father, I must apologise for my mischief. I must confess..." he could not proceed.

"You must confess that you took away my five thousand rupees and, donning an ochre garb and assuming the name Gangabai, distributed it among the needy!" said Shyam Gupta with a smile.

"How did you know?" asked Saroj, taken aback. He then said, "Father, when you promised to Mother Ganga about your offering, sick though I was at that time, I told Mother Ganga that if I am cured I will not let my father throw the money into the river but use it





for good causes. Since I was cured fast, I thought that Mother Ganga approved of my scheme. Nevertheless, before you I feel guilty for my action. But, father, how did you know about it?"

"Since I know you, I could guess it. Then by chance I found the ochre garb in your room," said Shyam Gupta.

To Saroj's surprise, Shyam

Gupta brought out a bundle and, handing it over to him, said, "I had collected another five thousand rupees in order to keep my promise to the Ganga. But my heart says that you are right. Mother Ganga will be happy if the money is used for the needy. Use it as you deem fit."

Tears came to Saroj's eyes as he realised his father's nobility.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अनारम्भो मनुज्यद्वान् प्रथमं बुद्धिलक्षणम् ।
आर्द्धाश्यांतगामानां द्वितीयं बुद्धिलक्षणम् ॥

*Anārambho manujyadvān prathamam buddhilakṣaṇam
Ārddhāshyāntagāmānām dvitiyāsh buddhilakṣaṇam*

Not to undertake an impractical work is the first sign of intelligence. Once a work is undertaken, to persist in it to its end the second sign.

Samayochita Padyamalika





GRANDPA'S GRANDPA

Life became unbearable for Harihar. His wife remained bed-ridden for a long time. Much money was needed for her treatment. Harihar had to borrow from a moneylender. But his wife died.

Harihar hoped that he will be able to pay back the loan after the harvest. But the crop failed. The moneylender told him point blank, "You may sell your house, but you must pay back my money, with all the interest, immediately."

Harihar thought it unwise to deprive his son of a roof. He felt frustrated. Suddenly it occurred to him that his problem will end if he ended his own life!

Behind his house stood an old banyan tree. Harihar decided to hang himself to death from a branch of that tree. At midnight he stood under the tree and, before climbing it, said, "O

God, make me rich in my next life."

He had just said this much when a bag fell before him with a thud. He picked it up and, to his utter surprise, found it containing gold coins!

"God decided to fulfil my desire in this life itself!" he muttered and returned home.

Soon there was marked change in his condition. Not only he paid back his loan, but also built a new house and invested money in a trade. He prospered.

However, he faced another problem. His only son went astray. The boy squandered money in the company of a group of idle youths. He took to gambling too.

One evening the boy picked up a quarrel with one of his mates who was the son of a wealthy man. The boy beat



the fellow who lay injured and unconscious. Some people carried him to his home and a few others informed Harihar of his son's violence.

"If the wealthy man's son dies, I shall be known as a killer's father. The wealthy man will also go on harassing me. Better to die than to live such a cursed life," Harihar thought. At night he reached the old banian tree again and said, "God, give me a good-natured son in my next life!"

At once he heard a voice saying, "Why do you worry? Nothing grievous has happened to that chap who was thrashed

by your son. Why don't you go and see?"

Harihar looked up, but saw none. Taking the voice to be a god's he paid a visit to the wealthy man's house. The injured boy was lying motionless with bandages on different parts of his body.

"Hello boy! Why are you lying like this? Don't you realise that nothing has happened to you? Must I tell you that some mischievous fellows are trying to bring about a breach in the friendship between yourself and my son?" said Harihar loudly.

To everybody's surprise, the young man sprang up from his bed, tore away the bandages and asked, "Indeed, what has happened to me that you people threw me on the bed?" He even did not seem to remember of any quarrel or scuffle with anybody.

"Whatever be the mystery of this strange recovery of my son, I am happy that he is well!" said the wealthy man as he embraced Harihar.

Harihar returned home with relief. It was observed that thereafter his son conducted himself much better. He began looking after his father's business and land.

Harihar was a happy man now. One day he felt curious to know who it was that threw the bagful of gold coins and who it was that spoke to him from the treetop. At night he went near the tree, to have a close look at it.

Suddenly a weird figure jumped from the tree and asked in a threatening tone: "What now?" Harihar was too terrified to speak.

"You made up your mind to commit suicide again, eh? Twice I helped you, the first time with wealth and the second time with a miracle. Fool! What made you decide to take this cursed step again? And why are you shivering with fear if you are prepared to die?" asked the weird figure.

Harihar recovered his wits and asked, "Who are you, sir?"

"Your grandpa's grandpa!"

"Why are you kidding me,

sir?" asked Harihar politely. "Why should I, you fool? I am truly your ancestor. I had committed suicide. The sin has obliged me to live as a ghost—not at all happily, I can assure you. According to the occult law, I should be free only if nobody commits suicide in five generations of my family. You belong to the fifth generation. That is why I prevented you from taking your life twice. But I have no power to help you for a third time. Go to hell! I have to remain as a ghost for another five generations!" blurted out the weird figure and it disappeared.

Harihar looked up and said, "Be sure, my kind forefather, that I will not commit the folly of killing myself. Remain in peace. I will pray for you every day of the remaining part of my life."



DRESS AND NATURE

In a certain area a gang of bandits became a menace. The police tried its best, but could not capture the gang.

The police chief dressed some policemen to look like bandits and sent them into the forest.

It so happened that the bandits were out dressed as policemen that day.

The two parties met in the forest. The sepoys dressed as bandits asked the bandits who were dressed as sepoys, "Could you lay your hand on any?"

"None so far, what about you?" asked in their turn the bandits dressed as sepoys.

"Nothing!" replied the sepoys dressed as bandits. The two parties went their ways.

In the evening the sepoys told the police chief that they had met another group of sepoys in the forest.

"How foolish of you!" cried out the chief, "Had they been really sepoys, do you think they would have let you pass? Did you forget that you looked like bandits? They were the bandits."

When the bandit chief was told by his men that they saw another gang of bandits, he yelled at them. "Fools! Had they been really bandits, don't you think that they would have fled at your sight since you looked like police? Each group changed its dress, but not its nature!"



THE CAR FESTIVAL OF SRI JAGANNATH

The city of Puri in Orissa—also known since time immemorial as Srikshetra (the holy ground)—is famous for the temple of Sri Jagannath. The deity is believed to contain the sacred Relics of Sri Krishna.

Sri Jagannath is an image of Vishnu. He is worshipped in the temple along with His elder brother Balabhadra, and younger sister Subhadra.

The forms of the idols are unusual. While the devotees



find the forms extremely significant and beautiful, to some they look incomplete. For the latter there is an explanation. When King Indradyumna, the legendary founder of the temple, wanted the images to be carved



out of a huge log that had come floating in the sea, no craftsman volunteered to do the work. At last an old man took up the challenge, but on condition that nobody should disturb him until he had declared the work complete.

He worked in a closed room. After a while the queen, Gundichadevi, lost patience and pushed open the door.

The craftsman vanished, leaving the images as they are seen to this day. The *Ratha Yatra* or the Car Festival (more properly the Festival of Chariots) commemorates Sri Krishna's journey from Gokul to Mathura, where he was to kill the demon-

king Kamsa. The festival takes place on the 23rd of June this year.

The three deities are seated in three magnificent chariots that are drawn by thousands of devotees along the *Baradanda* or the Path Sublime, to a temporary residence.

The festival draws tens of thousands of people from all over India and other lands.

Although the chief seat of the Car Festival is Puri, it also takes place in several other places all over the country. It is observed with great enthusiasm in some of the Western cities by devotees who have taken to Krishna worship in the recent times.





A Tale from Russia

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE JACKAL

A young man had come to own a small farm house. He bought it from a peasant who kept a sheep and a few fowls there. They too became the young man's property.

The young man was quite proud. That did not matter. The pity is, he thought himself very clever.

One morning he saw the feathers and the bones of two of his fowls lying scattered outside the rooster. He was agitated. No living creature but the sheep had lived inside the small compound at night. Who but he could have eaten up his two fowls?

He summoned the sheep.

"Why did you kill my fowls?" he demanded.

"Why should I, master?" asked the sheep in return.

"You know why! To eat them!"

"But, master, am I not a vegetarian?" asked the sheep, unable to suppress his surprise at the young man's ignorance.

"Shut up! How dare you give retorts to your master!"

It was not the young man who said this, but a jackal who was listening to the dialogue hiding behind a bush and who had just come out. When the young man looked at it, the jackal saluted him smartly and then took the sheep to task again, saying



don't mind your eating the fowls, but how do you answer back your master? What about courtesy, subordination, and all that?"

"But, dear jackal, is it not you who..."

"Shut up!" howled the jackal, not allowing the sheep to accuse him of having devoured the fowls. "Had I been the master, I'd have already ordered my servants to kill you!"

The young man, feeling rather embarrassed at the fact that he had no servants, said, "Well, I'm only waiting for my servants to report to duty so that I can get this creature duly killed. He certainly does not deserve to live."

"Right, master, right. But

why wait for servants? Am I not there to do it for you? Help me a little and I can kill the wicked thing."

The young man felt relieved. It would have meant more embarrassment if the jackal would have decided to wait to 'see his servants.

"Just beat it with a stick and I'll do the rest," said the jackal again.

The young man beat the sheep. It fell down. The jackal easily killed it.

"I can also carry it out of your farm—without waiting for your servants," said the jackal. He happily dragged away the sheep to his shelter which was not far, for a leisurely feast.





STORY OF INDIA THE AMBITIOUS SULTAN

As the Slave Dynasty ended, a seventy-year old noble, Jalaluddin Khalji, ascended the throne. It is believed that it was he who had got Kalki, Sultan Balban's grandson, killed. It was the year 1290.

Although Sultan Jalaluddin had two sons, the most dear to him was Alauddin, his nephew and son-in-law. The Sultan made him the governor of Kara. Alauddin pretended to be most obedient to the Sultan.

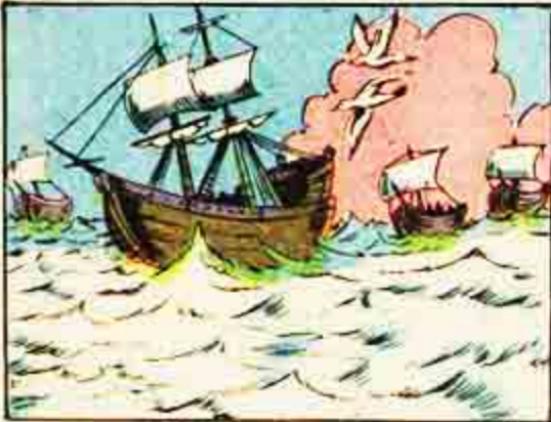


The ambitious Alauddin, without the Sultan's permission, invaded the prosperous Kingdom of Devagiri (later known as Daulatabad). King Ramachandradeva had to offer him fabulous tributes in gold, pearls, diamonds, horses and elephants.



Sultan Jalaluddin got angry at Alauddin's martial expedition for which he had given no permission. However, Alauddin sent him a list of the fabulous booty he had got for him. The old Sultan was eager to collect the wealth as soon as possible.

The Sultan proceeded to Kara to receive the booty. He sailed by the river, while a large army marched along the land. The Sultan's ministers were quite suspicious of Alauddin's motive, but the Sultan paid no heed to them.



On his arrival at Kara, the Sultan was met by Alauddin's crafty messenger. "My lord, your servant, Alauddin, has heard of your wrath. He is scared and says that he will kill himself. He will feel safe only if you come alone," said the messenger.

The Sultan ordered his army to halt and went forward along with his bodyguards. "My lord! Alauddin is shaking with fear because of these men. Why not meet him absolutely alone? Has he not earned stupendous treasures for you?" said a cunning brother of Alauddin. The Sultan asked his bodyguards to withdraw.



The Sultan crossed the river with Alauddin's brother. On the other side he was surprised to see Alauddin's soldiers waiting in battalions. "They are here to show you respect, my lord," the Sultan was told. He was then shown a seat.

Alauddin came and knelt down before the Sultan. The Sultan was happy. He stroked Alauddin's cheeks. Suddenly Alauddin held the old man's feeble hands in his firm grip. Assassins burst out and stabbed the Sultan. The Sultan tried to flee, but was killed.





Alauddin thereafter killed the Sultan's sons and confidants and ascended the throne of Delhi in 1296. He repulsed the Mongols who tried to invade India and expanded his domain by defeating many kings. He became the most powerful Sultan of all.

Though powerful, Alauddin was always suspicious of everybody and was never in peace. One night, he was drinking with his courtiers. It became very late. The chief courtier winked at others, suggesting that they should disperse. Suspicious of his wink, Alauddin instantly put him and others to death.



In the morning Alauddin realised his blunder. He repented and blamed wine for what he had done. Drinking was immediately banned. At his order soldiers spread out in all directions putting fire to taverns and wine stalls and destroying them.



The Useful Reward

In the neighbourhood of the royal palace lived a rich trader named Jogusingh. He had a servant named Ramu.

One day Ramu had come into the palace compound to meet his brother-in-law who was working as a servant in the royal household. While returning through the lawns he saw the king enjoying a stroll. Ramu bowed down to him. As he did so, his attention went to something glittering lying beneath the grass.

He picked it up and examined it. It was a gold necklace, soiled.

The king had strolled away. Ramu ran up to him and showed it to him.

The king recognised it. It was his daughter's. She had lost it a month ago. It was a precious

ornament.

Ramu was summoned to the court the next day. The king gave him one hundred gold mohurs. "This is a reward for your honesty.", he said.

When Ramu's employer Jogusingh heard this, he grew jealous of his servant. "Whatever you get while in my employment, you ought to give a share of it to me," he said.

Ramu was no fool. "Take me to be out of your employment since yesterday," he said and went away. With the money he had received, he set up his own business.

But Jogusingh could not forget the big reward Ramu received from the king. He gave all his attention to plan for winning a similar reward.

One day while the king was surveying his garden Jogusingh came running to him and showed him a necklace and said, "My lord, I was passing by your garden when this one lying under a plant attracted my eyes! This must be of someone of the royal family."

The king took it and signed Jogusingh to go away. He was annoyed that again and again the inmates of the palace should lose their ornaments in the garden or on the lawns.

He went to the queen's apartment and spoke harshly about it. The queen felt sad. She asked all her maids, but nobody had

lost a necklace!

She reported to the king that the necklace did not belong to any inmate of the palace. The king was intrigued. He handed over the case to his intelligence officer.

The officer posted a spy behind Jogusingh's house at night. The spy heard Jogusingh's wife demanding of her husband, "Where is the reward?"

"Have patience. The king will certainly send for me. If he gave such a big reward to an ordinary man like Ramu, he will of course give me a reward that would be much bigger. You can buy five necklaces for the one





you gave and still we will have enough money left!" replied Jogusingh.

The conversation was duly reported to the king in the morning. The king summoned Jogusingh.

Jogusingh came all smiles.

"It was nice of you, Jugu, to give me that necklace. We found out that it belonged to a certain sweeper woman. Well,

she has sent the best reward she was capable of giving," said the king and he looked at one of his officers.

The officer brought out a new broomstick and presented it to Jogusingh. "This one should be useful to sweep your house and, if possible, to sweep dirt off your mind too!" the king commented.

Jogusingh had to accept it.

A DOUBT

A gentleman was giving a talk to the school children on his African experience. In the course of his talk he said, "One day, right inside my tent, I spotted a leopard!"

Little Subhas whispered to Rajan, "Do you believe that? Isn't the leopard born spotted?"



THE SUPER-SPY

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Moaning of jackals and eerie laughter of spirits were heard at intervals between thunder-claps. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But king Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, are you after anything that will give you some magical power? Let me narrate to you a relevant episode. Pay attention to it. That ought to bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: King Amar was much desirous of gaining recognition as an ideal ruler. Once a hermit who was ill

took shelter in his palace. The king himself nursed him with devotion. The hermit recovered his health.

"My dear child, here is a gift from me," The hermit said as he handed over a lump of crystal to the king before his departure.

The crystal had a miraculous power. It could work as a super-spy. If the king remembered a person and looked into the crystal, the crystal showed to him the person's mind.

The king rejoiced at the gift. He was sure that it would be now easy for him to penetrate into the minds of his officers and find out who were faithful to him and who were not; who liked him and who disliked him. He could rely on those who liked him and rule the country in an ideal way. That should make him famous.

Days passed. The king preserved the crystal with great care. If someone brought an allegation against another, he found out what is in the mind of each from the crystal. Accordingly he gave his judgement.

Beforehand the king consulted the minister in all such matters. Now the minister felt ignored. He got annoyed with the king.



Suddenly one day the king imprisoned the minister. The courtiers looked at one another in stunned silence. They could not make out why the king should punish an able minister.

Thereafter the king was seen looking sternly and suspiciously at his courtiers. Another day he burst another bombshell: he ordered all the courtiers to be thrown into gaol.

The courtiers were mostly noblemen who exercised great influence on the people. The people felt not only surprised but also aggrieved at their fate. There was restlessness in the kingdom. The king decided to



suppress those who protested against his action, by employing his army.

But before that he wanted to feel sure about the faithfulness of his commander. But what he saw in the crystal was distressing: the commander was secretly negotiating with another king to dethrone him!

He decided to dismiss the commander and take him prisoner. In this matter he wanted to take the crown-prince into confidence. He looked into the crystal with a desire to know the crown-prince's mind.

What he saw was maddening. The prince was thinking:

"Father is growing crazy. Should I not declare him insane and take the reins of administration into my hands?"

The king gave out a shriek. "Throw the commander and the crown prince into goal!" he shouted. His order was carried out.

But whom to talk to thereafter? He paced up and down the palace corridors till late in the night. Then he did something unexpected. He summoned the Crown-prince and told him: "I'm renouncing the world. I will spend my days in the forest. Ascend the throne in the morning and rule the kingdom



justly."

He ordered for the acquittal of the minister, the commander and all the courtiers. He left the palace before it was dawn, but only after smashing the lump of crystal.

The vampire paused and then demanded of the king in a challenging tone: "O King, the crystal was meant to help the king in his work. Is it not surprising that it brought him bad days? Why did the king destroy the crystal instead of passing it on to his son? Answer me, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders."

Answered the king forthwith: "King Amar was blessed with a power which he did not know how to use. Although he meant to be an ideal ruler, his idea that only those who adored him were good people was wrong. It is this mistaken idea that made him imprison the minister. He must have found out that the minister was annoyed. Secondly he did not stop to think that the minister was unhappy with him because he did not let the man do his duty. His mistreatment of the minister naturally terrorised the courtiers. He threw them



into goal, because he must have found out from the crystal that they had begun to hate him. The commander was afraid that his turn will come next! Like the prince he must have thought that the king had grown crazy. It was likely that he was desperately seeking another king's help to save himself.

"The king became conscious of his folly when he learnt through the crystal that even his son was thinking ill of him. He realised that he was incapable of ruling the kingdom, what to speak of ruling it ideally! Out of remorse, he renounced his pos-





tion and left for the unknown.

"How could he give the crystal to his son after what it had done to himself? Smashing it seemed to be the only sensible

course for him."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





THE FACE IN THE MORNING

Ramu and Harish were close friends. Harish was younger than Ramu.

Ramu was a fine young man, but for his superstitious nature. If something went wrong during the day, he would try to recollect who it was that he had met first in the morning. In his mind the list of inauspicious faces was growing longer, day by day.

Ramu's wife, Shobha, did not like this. She knew this to be a superstition. That apart, the habit created other problems. If Ramu thought that the first man he saw in the morning was inauspicious, he did not undertake any important work that day.

One day Shobha discussed this habit of her husband with Harish. "We should see to it that Ramu is rid of this habit," said Harish. The two hit upon a plan.

At night, while Ramu was having his food, Shobha said in a whisper, "I was obliged to pay a hundred rupees to Harish today."

"Why?" asked Ramu, quite surprised.

"How to tell you? It happened like this: Harish was expecting to profit a hundred rupees from a certain deal today. But it slipped out of his hand. He was upset. I asked him whose face it was that he

seen in the morning. At first he was not willing to divulge it. At last he confided to me that it was your face that brought him the bad luck. I made good his loss when he promised me that he will not tell a thing about it to anybody."

Ramu looked grave. He finished eating quickly and appeared before Harish.

Harish was amused. But he managed to look sad.

"Come on, Ramubhai, be seated," said Harish.

"No need showing such courtesy to me. My face, after all, is inauspicious to you!" murmured Ramu.

Harish lowered his voice and said, "Well, Ramubhai, what did I know about these things? Is it not from your habits that I learnt of such omens? Leave it!"

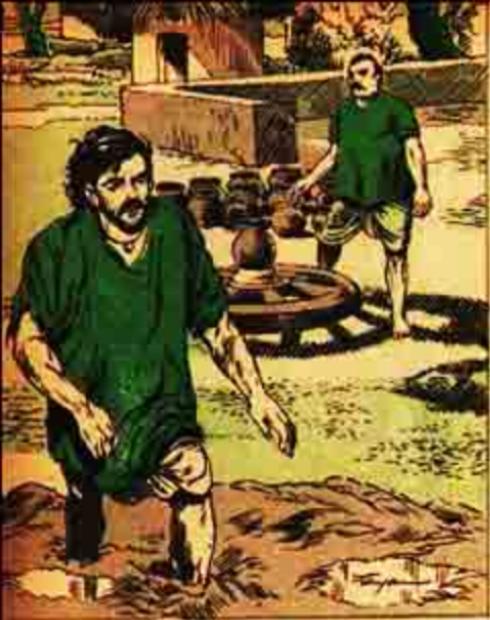
"Leave it? Haven't you ex-

tracted a hundred rupees from Shobha under the pretext? How do you prove that you lost in the deal because of me?" shouted Ramu.

Harish burst into a laugh. "Ramubhai, that is the question. When you lose something or have an unhappy experience, how do you conclude that it was due to the person you had met first in the morning? Do you now realise how wrong such a belief is? For your information, I have extracted no money from my sister-in-law. If she will be pleased to give me, it will be out of her affection that she will do so. Is she a fool that I can blackmail her saying you were inauspicious?" said Harish.

Ramu smiled. "Good," he said, "there is sense in what you say!"





A FOLKTALE

FRUIT OF LABOUR

led him into a room.

"I want alms," said the Brahmin.

"What was the necessity of your telling this to me privately?" asked the king.

"My lord, what I get by begging cannot be called earning. I do not labour for it. What you give me should be the money that you have earned. Between the giver and the taker, at least one should have laboured for the money," said the Brahmin.

The king grew thoughtful. He had inherited all his wealth from his father. He had earned nothing.

"Please meet me tomorrow by evening," he told the Brahmin.

Early in the morning, the next day, the king donned the clothes of a labourer and went out looking for work. A potter promised him four rupees if he would mix clay for him with his feet.

The king agreed and began working. Soon the potter found

In a certain village lived a Brahmin and his wife. They were very poor. A small hut with a patch of land behind it was all they had.

The Brahmin went out for begging every day. The moment he had received enough for the day, he returned home.

He grew old. "It is no longer possible for me to roam about begging. Let me go to the king and get some donation that would last us all our days!" he said. His wife was happy to hear this.

The Brahmin reached the king's court and wanted to talk to the king privately. The king





out that he was no good at work. "Better take the four rupees and go away. You are doing your best, but you do not seem capable of working," said the potter.

The king returned with his earning. In the evening he handed it over to the Brahmin.

The Brahmin's wife was waiting at home with great expectations. When she saw that the Brahmin had brought only four rupees, she was upset. She took the coins and threw them into backyard.

Nextday the Brahmin saw four unknown plants growing in

their backyard. They grew very fast. In three months, they yielded fruit.

The couple cut a fruit. What should they see but a piece of gold inside!

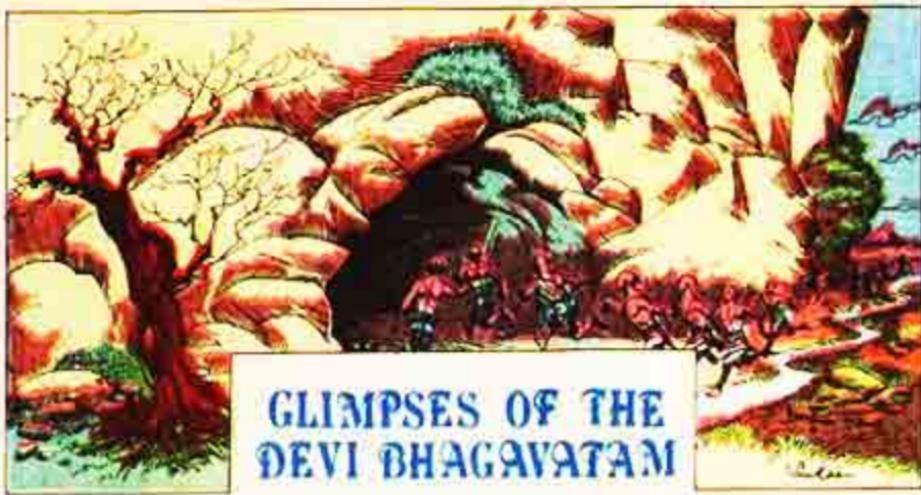
The Brahmin spent his gold in serving the people in many ways. The king soon heard of the strange trees. He came to see them.

"My lord! These are the fruit of your labour. The four trees grew out of the four coins you gave me. We do not need much. Please take charge of the trees and put the wealth they give to good use."



Two poets were talking to each other in a low tone. The king entered their room and asked, "What lies are you inventing?" "We were composing a lyric in your praise Your Highness," they replied.





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

In days gone by there was a dynasty called the Haihayas. The princes of the dynasty were powerful rulers who dominated the earth for a long time.

Kartavirya was a king who hailed from this dynasty. He was as strong as he was religious. He was the richest of all the rulers.

Kartavirya revered the priest of his dynasty, Bhrigu. He was never tired of heaping wealth on the priest. Bhrigu became very rich—next only to the king.

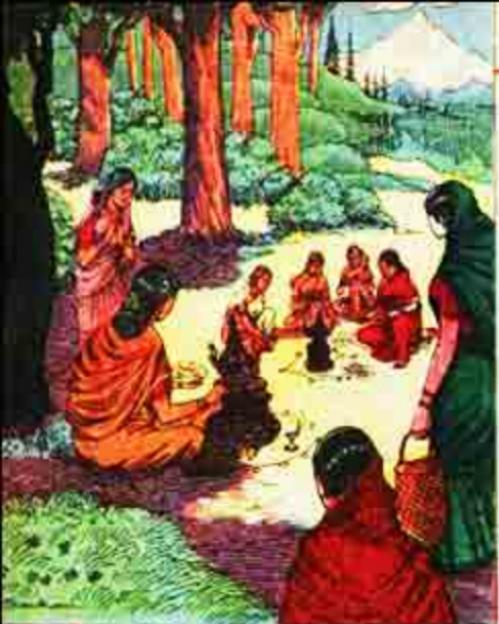
Time passed. The Haihayas fell into lean days after the death of king Kartavirya. It was because, proud of their wealth,

his successors idled away their time. Taking advantage of their mood, officers stole from the treasury and flatterers exploited them.

Soon the Haihayas were left with nothing. In the meanwhile the descendants of Bhrigu, called the Bhrigus, had grown immensely rich. The Haihaya princes, in a group, set out to meet the Bhrigus. They wished to get a part of the fabulous wealth of the Bhrigus. As soon as the Bhrigus learnt about the mission of the Haihayas, they fled to the hills along with their gold.

This infuriated the Haihayas.





it not because of the donations given by our forefathers? It is the duty of the priests to look after the welfare of their charge. When we the princes are reduced to misery, our priests are sitting over their idle wealth. They even hid their wealth in the caves like thieves. What is wrong in taking away money from thieves? It is said that money greedily accumulated will one day fall into the hands of either bandits or the king. We are from the royal family. There is nothing wrong in our taking hold of this wealth."

The hermits looked on as the Haihayas ruthlessly plundered the wealth of the Bhrigus. They even tortured the women and children of their priests.

Once again it was demonstrated what untold harm wealth can cause. It destroyed the Bhrigus on the one hand and made the Haihayas sinners on the other hand.

The women of the Bhrigus fled to the Himalaya. They lived in a valley overlooked by huge rocks and passed their time praying to the Divine Mother.

One of them was expecting a child. They were told in their dreams that the child to be born was coming as their saviour.

They invaded the hills. The Bhrigus were not willing to part with their wealth. The princes were determined to possess it. Their quarrel and scuffle reached a climax when the agitated Haihayas massacred the Bhrigus and took their hidden wealth away.

Hermits living in the hills who witnessed the violence told the Haihayas, "Fie, you princes are expected to protect your subjects. But what are you doing? You are destroying the family of your priests!"

"Hermits, you fail to see our point of view. How did the Bhrigus become so wealthy? Is

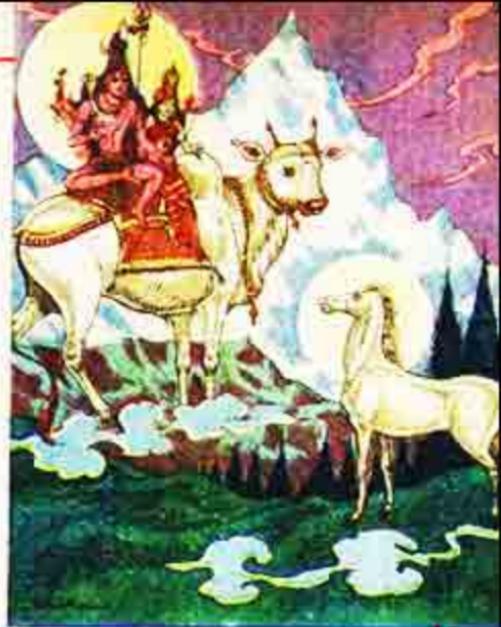
with powers given to it by the Divine Mother.

Soon the child was born. It was a son who radiated an aura. Great was the joy of the Bhrigu women.

The vengeful Haihayas despatched spies to locate the Bhrigu women. After much wandering the spies reached the valley where the women lived but no sooner they looked at the child than they lost their visions!

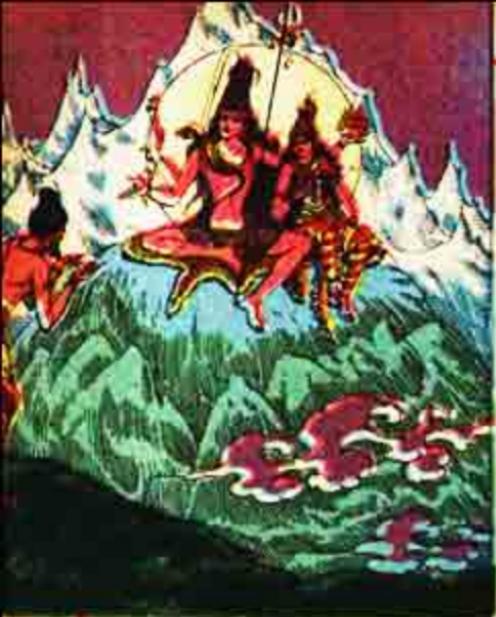
One of them, who had not come quite close, retained a dim sight. He managed to return to the princes and report to them the predicament of the spies. They hurried into the valley to put an end to the strange infant, but before they had taken precaution to protect their eyes, the aura of the child attracted them. They gazed at it. The next moment they found themselves struck blind.

They sat helpless in that forlorn valley and began repenting for their senseless actions. Then they addressed the mother of the child and said, "Never, never shall we harm any of the Bhrigus. We will leave you in peace. Should you like to return to your homes, we will escort you. Please give us back our eye-sights."



Said the child's mother! "It is not in my hands to cure you of your blindness. You came here with the intention of killing my child. The power that protected the child punished you. The barbarity with which you have acted has no parallel. Worse may be your suffering in the future unless you are pardoned by the child."

The humbled Haihayas knelt down before the child and expressed their repentance for their misdeeds in many words. Said the child, named Ouryu, "I have been given a certain power by the Divine Mother in order to punish you. If you are really



repentant and are sure that you will not be repeating your follies, then pray to Her. So far as I am concerned, my anger is subsided."

The Haihayas did as advised by Ouryu. The Divine Mother pardoned them. They got back their sights.

* * *

As is well known, the Bharata dynasty began from king Bharata and so did the Yadava dynasty from king Yadu. How was the Haihaya dynasty founded? The legend runs like this!

One day Revanta, a son of the Sun-God, went to meet Vishnu. He rode the excellent

horse, Uchaishravas.

Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, saw the horse. It had emerged from the waters during the churning of the ocean by the gods and the demons—as had Lakshmi Herself emerged.

Lakshmi naturally looked upon the horse as her brother. She kept gazing at it, moved by a feeling of affection.

That was the time when Lakshmi used to worship Vishnu. Observing that Lakshmi had forgotten Him for a moment, Vishnu said, "Do you know the consequence of your concentrating on the horse at this auspicious hour? You will be identified with her and an emanation of yours will go out and become a horse!"

Lakshmi came to her senses. "Is that inevitable?" she asked.

"What is wrong in that? Isn't the whole universe our form?" Vishnu smiled and said.

Soon an emanation of Lakshmi came down to the earth and got changed into a mare. She prayed to Lord Shiva and wanted to get freedom from the present form.

"Do not worry, for, I am sure, something unexpected will happen. Because Mother Lakshmi concentrated on



Uchaishravas, an emanation of hers turned into a horse that you are. I can see that Vishnu too is deeply concentrated on you. Who knows if the same won't happen to Him? Have patience," said Shiva. He then despatched Chitrarupa, one of his supernatural attendants, to Vishnu.

Chitrarupa arrived in Vaikuntha and told Vishnu, "I understand that Mother Lakshmi remains invisible. However, my Lord has met an emanation of Hers roaming about in the forest as a mare. Should it not be right for an emanation of yours to go into the forest too, so that Lakshmi's emanation is not left alone?"

Vishnu, who was already engrossed in thoughts on Lakshmi, instantly sent an emanation of His to the earth—in the form of a horse.

The horse-couple lived in the forest for some time. In due course a human child was born to them.

"We must return to Vaikuntha," said Vishnu's emanation.

"How can I desert this newborn babe?" asked Lakshmi's emanation.

"You need not be attached to the child. It is so ordained that a prince called Turvasu is ardently aspiring to have a child. He shall come across this one. Its protection is assured," said Vishnu's emanation.

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LEGENDS AND
PARABLES OF INDIA

THE YOUNG LION AND HIS COMPANION

knew that it was no food worthy of a lion, yet the lion trampling it for fun could not be ruled out!

It grinned broadly and saluted the young lion and said, "O hero, how wonderful you look!"

The young lion was pleased. "Why are you lying here?" he asked.

"I am injured, my noble friend. I cannot move about," replied the jackal truthfully.

The kind-hearted lion carried it on his back to his den and nursed it.

"There is nothing wrong in helping a creature. But let it go away as soon as it is cured, for a jackal, by nature, is mischievous," the lion's father warned him.

Now, for the jackal, there could not be any scope for a greater comfort than in the lion's den. It kept the young lion pleased with its sweet words and continued to move about seated on his back, even after it had been cured. He always got a share of the kill the lions

Long long ago in a forest lived a lion couple. Days passed happily for them, as the forest had in it varieties of animals fit for their food.

The couple had a lovely cub. It grew up into a strong young lion. His wise father told him, "My son you are noble and brave. These are great virtues. But always be on your guard. Never fall into bad company."

One day the young lion was returning to their den when he saw a jackal lying injured on the road.

The jackal trembled with fear when it saw the young lion approaching it. Although it

brought home.

One day it told the young lion, "My friend, we have eaten all kinds of flesh, but never a horse's. I know that it is a delicacy."

"Is that so? But where to find a horse?" asked the lion.

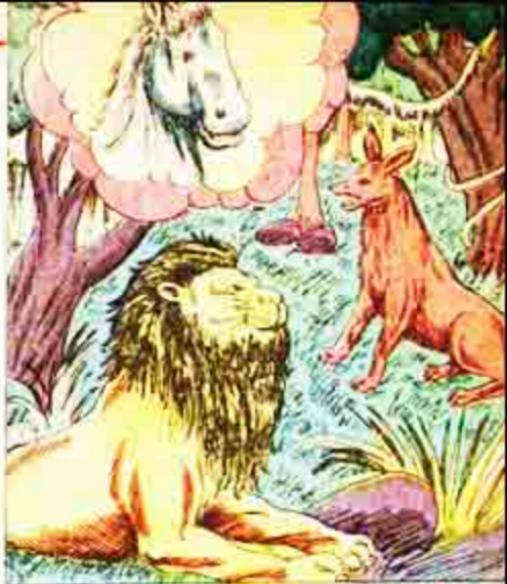
"I know where. They come to graze to the bank of the river beyond the forest," informed the jackal.

The lion carried the jackal on his back and it showed him the way. The lion was excited at the chance to bag a new kind of animal.

They found a stud of horses soon. The lion crouched behind a bush and then took a leap and dragged one of the horses into the forest. Then he killed it to the great joy of the jackal and carried it to his den.

He expected his parents to praise him. But his father looked pensive and said, "My son, since there are no horses in the forest, the stud must belong to the king. It is not wise to have a king for an enemy. Never go to bag a horse again."

But the jackal had an immense liking for the horse-meat. It told the young lion the next day, "Did you not like the adventure? Let's do it again!"



"But my father does not approve of it," said the young lion.

"It is a pity that he does not appreciate adventure. Anyway we can do it without his knowledge!"

The young lion was inspired. He carried the jackal on his back again to the river-bank.

Because of the loss of a horse, the king's servants had kept the stud a little away from the forest. The lion and the jackal waited for dusk to set in. Then the lion went forward stealthily and jumped onto a horse and dragged it away.

This time he did not report of his kill to his parents. He threw

the horse in a deserted cave and let his friend, the jackal, eat the best part of it. The lion himself had no special fancy for horse meat.

They were out for their adventure again the next day. The king's servants had erected an enclosure in the grassy field for the protection of the horses.

Even then, encouraged by the jackal, the lion stormed in through the fence and returned with a horse.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the jackal and they feasted on the horse again in the deserted cave.

The king, reported of the repeated attack on his stud by a lion, asked his chief archer to do the needful. The archer found a tree in the field and asked the servants to leave the horses near it.

At the fall of dusk the lion pounced on a horse. The archer

who had perched himself on a branch of the tree instantly shot a deadly arrow at the lion. It pierced him through one ear and went out by the other.

The startled lion threw the horse down and looked for his friend who was waiting near a mound. But the jackal, on seeing blood gushing out of the lion's head, understood the situation. "This lion will no longer do my bid, even if it survives the injury. No use remaining in its company," thought the jackal and it ran away.

The young lion managed to reach his den and fell before his parents and breathed his last.

"My son, you were brave, but your bravery was misplaced. You were noble, but you let your nobleness to be exploited by a wicked creature," said his father, shedding tears.

— *From the Buddha Jatakas*



The Rope Had Two Ends

A man accused of theft was brought before the judge. This was long ago.

Now, this judge was dreaded by all, because he got annoyed if anybody uttered a single word more than his question demanded.

"What did you steal?" the judge asked the accused.

"My lord, I found a rope lying on the road. I picked it up," answered the man.

At this the policeman who had caught the fellow was about

to say something, when the judge stopped him and asked him, "All I want to know is when you caught the fellow whether he was holding anything more than a rope or not."

The policeman looked pale. "My lord, it is true that he was holding only a rope, but...."

"Stop. I am not interested in your 'but'. You are wasting my time," growled the judge and he signed the accused to leave the court instantly.

Years later the judge retired.





One day he took shelter under a shed because it was raining. "Hello, Sir, how are you? Do you recognise me? Once I was produced before you by a policeman."

"Ah, yes." said the judge who had a good memory. "It was stupid of the policeman to bring you to trial for your picking up a

string of rope!"

"Thanks, Sir. Of course, to the other end of the rope was tied a horse of excellent breed. It is still giving me service."

The man saluted the judge and went out of the shed and hopped onto a horse and rode away.

— Retold by Devapriyo

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THE WISEST

One day the King of Vidarbha put a question to his courtiers and ministers: "Who is the wisest man? One who can answer will get a reward."

"You are the wisest man to the best of our knowledge,"

"To say this much is not enough. You must prove what you say!" commented the king.

All kept quiet. But said the jester, "My lord, my father used to say that one who knows the answer to a particular question is the wisest man."

"What is that question?" asked the king.

"The question is: What happens to one's soul immediately after one's death?"

"And what is the answer?" asked the king again.

"My lord, I learnt the answer from my father, but on promise that I will never divulge it," replied the jester.

"You mean to prove that you are the wisest man!"

"No, my lord. I mean to prove that the king who has been able to retain a wise man like me in his service is certainly the wisest man!"

The jester won the reward.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



See A. Umashankar

See C. S. Venkatesan

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THE WISE

Gardens are not made by singing 'Oh, how beautiful', and sitting in
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—Rudyard Kipling

God may forgive you your sins, but your nervous system won't

—Alfred Korzybski

What is called discretion in men is called cunning in animals.

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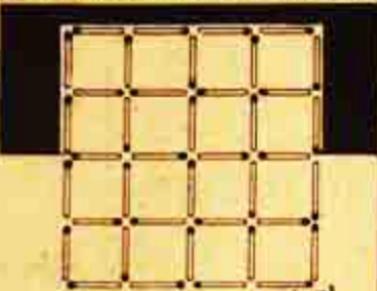
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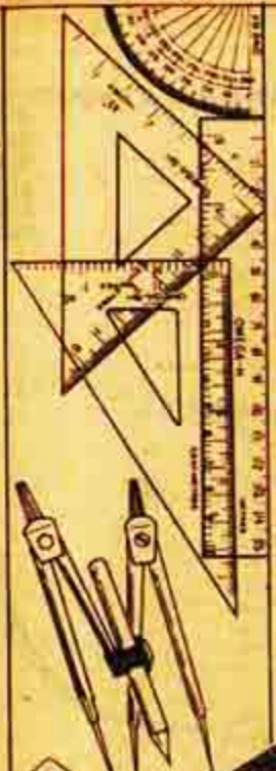
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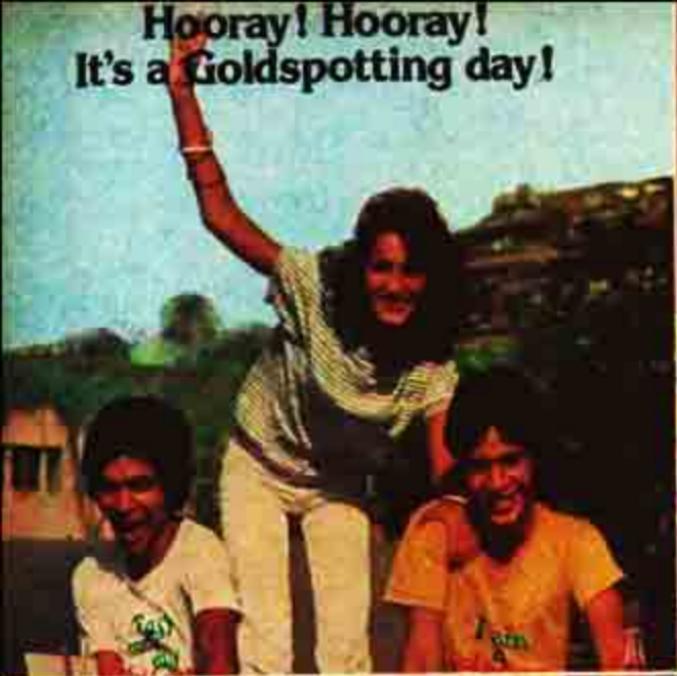
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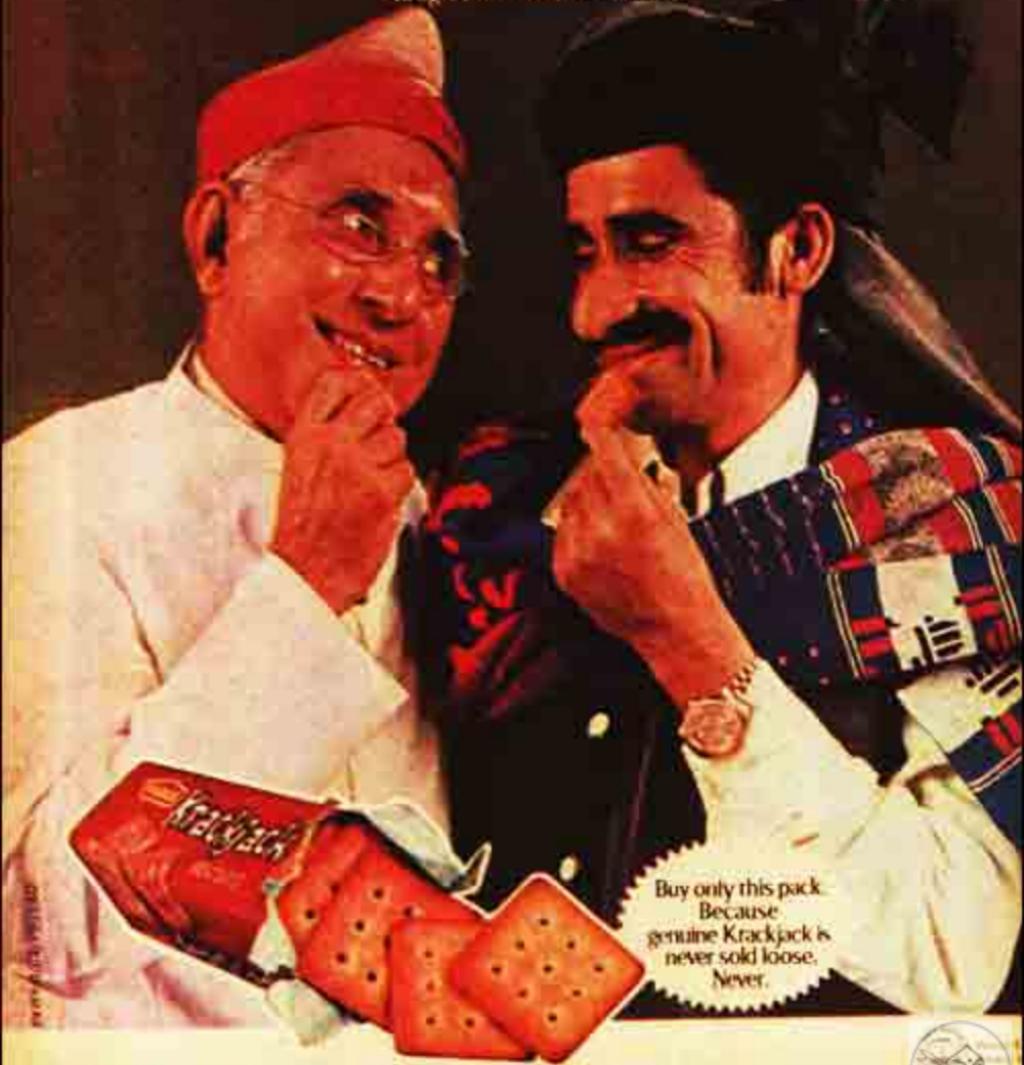
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